

was either cut them in immediately, so the
20 Well we were in port refitting and shipping oil home
by the schooner Lottie Beard and taking aboard
supplies for the trip.

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Arrival of the bark Sunbeam No 1
In the year of 1890 the writer at the age of 17
decided to make a voyage whaling. Being
a native of old New Bedford Mass his play
ground had been from a child the old docks
and ships. Coming from a race of seafaring
men he always had and probably always
will have a longing to see what lays
beyond the horizon. After an interview with
the Wing Bros. Ship owners he decided
to ship in one of their barks. After getting
papers for his mother to sign as was
necessary him being a minor he bought
his outfit for a three year voyage and
as the ship had cleared went aboard. She
was anchored in the harbor already to
sail which she did in a few hours. We
took a tow out with a tug and after
getting down the bay a ways made
sail on 11th of Aug 1890 and that was
the last the writer saw of the U. S. A.
for 34 months. In the night the wind
freshened to more than half a gale from
the North West. The writer had been
used to short seas but as the bark

We sure found a rough country down
there. For days the little

No 2
mounted one large sea and rolled down
another he commenced having trouble
with his stomach and before long he
was a very sea sick boy. For the next
3 days and nights the company didnt
have to feed him much as he did
his work while his watch was on deck
and in his watch below hit his bunk
with out bothering to eat at all. At
that time the old 4 hour on and 4 hours
off was in force. He was very busy the
first week learning the running rigging
and steering with a wheel in small
boats he had sailed he had used a
tiller. The compass he didnt have to
learn as he had known that almost
from the time he learned to tell time.
The first 10 days was just ship work mostly
finishing what the riggers had started
but in those days left for the crew to
finish after a ship was at sea. But
on the 10th day out the old cry of (Blow
or Blowes, Blowes, Blowes) came from the
lookouts at the mast heads. A large
sperm whale on the lee beam sir.

by the schooner Lottie Beard and taking aboard supplies that she brought out to the fleet for

12 I hardly knew what to think about the way.

No 3 The orders were then coming thick and fast. Call all hands and stand by to hoist and swing the boats of which we carried 9. In a very few minutes the main yard was hauled aback and the boats lowered and with sail up were making for the place they expected the whale (who had gone down in the meantime) to break water when he came up. The writer being a green hand had not as yet been assigned to a boat but was one of the few men left aboard to steer and pull and haul on braces as the ship followed the boats. We had an easy job with this whale as he didn't put up much of a battle and dusk found him along side already to cut in come morning. The writer unused to hard work had a nice pair of hands from pulling and hauling they were a solid mass of blisters and swollen so it was impossible to shut them at all.

Next morning at daylight all hands

hoisted whale alongside. No rest for us it

No 3 The ...

No 4 were called to get breakfast and get ready to cut in the whale. We were one of the few whalers that at that time was equipped with a steam donkey engine that worked either the windlass or the pumps so we had no heaving by hand to do which left everybody except the men who tended the cutting fall at liberty to work in the waist. We cut the whale in and tried him out and he made just an even 100 bbls. A few days after a curious thing happened the little cabin boy we will call him Ol had had considerable trouble with the steward from the first day of the voyage and the steward slapped him over. The steward was a man 40 odd years old but he fooled with the wrong Yankee kid that time, in no time at all he was a very badly battered man and I don't know where it would have eventually ended if the captain hadn't stepped in and pulled the kid off. After that we had no more cabin boy as the old man figured if he could whip the steward he was man enough to be a forward hand

2 I was either cut them in immediately, or the
20 Well we were in port refitting and shipping oil home
by the schooner Lottie Beard and taking aboard
supplies that she brought out for the fleet for

12 I hardly knew what to think about the way
the coast came

6 No 3 or sailor and he lived in the forecabin
the rest of the voyage and I'll say
he did a man's work from that day
on also that he was the best stroke
oarman in the ship. One night after
we were to the south of the line I saw
a beautiful sight I was on lookout and
saw a light dead ahead it was a
curious looking light very white and
very wide. I reported it to the 4th mate
and he couldn't make out what it was
with the glasses. It kept growing
nearer and wider until it lit up
the whole sky up ahead and then
we were sailing through it. We were
very near an hour going through it
and you could read a newspaper on
deck and the faces of the men looked
like corpses instead of live men. Since
then I have seen patches of the same
thing but much smaller quantities
from big over as the length of the
ship to probably an acre in extent
but in 21 yrs at sea never anything
like that. About this time we commenced
to have trouble with the mate who

was a bad tempered fellow. No rest for us it

No 3 The orders were then, ~~come on~~ the
No 5 or sailor and he lived in the forecabin
the rest of the voyage and I'll say
No 6 always more or less abusive with his
language began using his fists for any
and all occasions. Our crew was composed
of some of the best men with their hands
it has ever been my good fortune to
meet but, they all knew that if one
man started something it was sure
to end in a mutiny and the older
a cooler men prevailed in holding
everyone in check until the anchor
was down in some port. The grub
that first season was bad and the
water was bad. We occasionally struck
a porpoise and for a day we had
a good feed. Sometimes we got
a turtle and skip jacks and Albicore
were quite easily hooked with a
piece of white rag for bait. Well
whales there were none until we
struck the Patagonia coast. There
we first struck real gales and the
largest seas I have ever seen in
any part of the world. But they
were long and regular nothing like
the North Atlantic seas. The little

20 Well we were in port refitting and shipping oil home by the schooner Lottie Beard and taking aboard supplies that she brought out for the fleet for about 20 days.

12 I hardly knew what to think about the way they were holding off. Monday morning came and we saw the council as aboard the

No 8 Along in December the Captain took sick with what afterward proved to be ulcers of the stomach. So as we had one boatster very sick with what appeared to be quick consumption we started into the nearest port of any size which happened to be Montevideo. On look out going up the river I noticed a small black cloud on our lee bow coming toward us at a great speed. A shift of wind and a squall which caught the old bark hard aback flattening every square sail against the masts. The pilot lost his head entirely he gave orders to chue up and haul down trying to take in sail which as the ship was impossible. He then ran aft to the wheel man to put the wheel hard up. The mate coming on deck gave the order hard down and asked the pilot if he didn't know the ship had stern way on her? By that time the squall was over but I had a narrow escape when a boat

No 3 The orders were then given
No 5 or sailor and he went to the sick

No 8 steerer let go the chain fore tack
and it nearly knocked me off the
forecath head. Pilot said we had
just missed a sand bank. Anchored on
quarantine ground some distant from
the city. Doctor came aboard and ordered
the captain to the hospital. The boat
steerer never make the hospital he died
before we got him to the boat. We buried
him on the foot of the round topped
hill or small mountain which ever
you call it I have forgotten its name.
And that was the only shore leave we
got in Montevideo. From then on we
stayed aboard which of course made
for more trouble from the crew. After
a two days stay the Second Mate a
American hailing from Fall River gave
the order to heave short as we were
sailing as soon as the Mate who
had been promoted to captain came
aboard. Not a man moved. He
repeated the order and one of the
older seaman stepped forward

...on a small boat.

21 was either cut them in immediately, & the
20 Well we were in port refitting and shipping oil home
by the schooner Lottie Beard and taking aboard
supplies that she brought out for the fleet for
about 30 days. We left the west coast

2 hardly knew what to think about the way
they were holding off. Monday morning came
and we saw the council as aboard. The

No 9 and asked who was going out Captain.
The mate or Mr. B as we will call him replied
your former mate Mac. The seaman turned
to the crew and asked. Are we sailing
under him anymore the the answer
from every one was, No not if we can
help it. Well the mate said, I don't
blame you boys but I wished you had
told him instead of me. Dick the
seaman replied. Don't worry sir we will
sure tell him when he gets aboard.

So all had settled down to wait.
The kick was altogether from the men
forward the petty officers such as
boatsteers engineer cooper steward
and 3 and 4 mates were not in with
us. In a few minutes the Captain
came aboard and when the mate
told him what had happened he
immediately came forward took off
his coat and asked which man
dared to refuse duty. Dick the
seaman replied we all do, but, it
looks as though you would like

No 3 The orders were then
No 9 and asked who was
The most
10 to fight captain. If that is the case
you don't need to go any farther then
me I've got this clay pipe in my mouth
and I can lick you and still have
the pipe in my mouth we are not
on the high seas now the anchor
is down. I had never seen Slick in
a scrap so what followed surprised
me the captain looked at Slick for
a minute and put his coat on and
said. Listen boys this is my first
command and I don't want any
trouble. Well said Slick you should
have thought of that five months
ago. I weigh but 145 against your
256 but it wasn't the difference in
weight that held me back from
kicking the stuffing out of you
weeks ago. I just didn't want
to go to jail for years or see any
of the boys go. Well the captain
said we will see what the American
council says about this and there
the thing rested for a long long
10 days

1 I was either cut them in immediately, or the
20 Well we were in port refitting and shipping oil home
by the schooner Lottie Beard and taking aboard
supplies that she brought out for the fleet for
about 30 days. We then sailed for the west coast
1 I hardly knew what to think about the way
they were holding off. Monday morning came
and we saw the council as aboard the
11 week. At last came Saturday
and with it the American council
came aboard, he called us all in the
waist and gave us a great talking
to. We had no care and we didn't
ship under no particular captain
when we signed on, all of which
we knew before. Our reply was that
we knew that but to pay for the
knocking around we had we would
not leave that anchor or help in
any way to put the ship to sea.
So the council went and he sure was
real mad. Ha Ha. He told before he
went that men from one of the
American man of war ^{us} then in the
harbor would put to sea the next
morning which would be Sunday.
There were 2 men o war in the harbor
the Essex and the Penicola.
Well Sunday came and went
without a sign from the
council or the men o war. We

No 3 The orders were then given to the
No 9 and asked who was going out Captain.

No 7 I hardly knew what to think about the way
No 8 they were holding off. Monday morning came
No 9 and we saw the council go aboard the
No 10 Pensacola and stay a few minutes and
No 11 then go to the Quix. Soon after a large
No 12 tug went alongside the Quix. In a
No 13 few minutes this tug headed for us.
No 14 She came alongside and the council
No 15 and an older man having the carriage
No 16 of an ex soldier came aboard. They called
No 17 us in the waist and starting to tell
No 18 us over again that we had no case
No 19 in point of law, held our attention
No 20 for a few minutes. I think I was the
No 21 first one to sense that something was
No 22 happening forward. Looking around
No 23 I saw that the tug had slipped ahead
No 24 and landed a number of blue jackets
No 25 over the bow. They were coming aft with
No 26 drawn cutlasses and while we turned
No 27 to look at them the tug had slipped
No 28 aft and landed a bunch of marines
No 29 armed with rifles over the stern. They
No 30 had all been hidden inside the tug.
No 31 I never will forget their officer was an

14 these men of your like you and I
15 Irish man with a brogue and just
16 as he gave the order to cover us with
17 the rifles he noticed a bunch of buckets
18 and right after he gave his order he
19 said, (Look out for the buckets.) That
20 got a laugh from everybody. But he
21 really meant business. The next order
22 was for us (hold it very close if a
23 man moves we shoot.) No one moved and
24 speaking myself that being the first
25 time I ever looked in the wrong end
26 of a gun with a determined man on
27 the other end it sure looked as big
28 as a small cannon. The next order was
29 to break out some fluke chain and
30 string them along the rail. Then
31 they did a neat job of putting us
32 in irons. One hand over the chain and
33 the other one under. Out on the open
34 deck they then got up steam and
35 got ready to heave short. While they
36 were about that this official with the
37 council talked with the captain. He
38 said, (captain if this crew resumes duty
39 later always carry a revolver on you and
40 be very careful how you use it. None of

No 3 The orders were then given to the
No 9 and asked who was going out Captain
No 13 Irishman with
14 these men of your like you and I
personally don't blame them as I don't
like you myself but you have the law
on your side. Well the man o' war men
hoisted the anchor and sheeted home
the topsails and we were off in spite
of ourselves, I may have seen it rain
as hard as it did that afternoon
and night but never harder. We could
not stand up we had to sit down.
After hours of this we were soaked
and sure cold. Finally two men begged
for a chance to get their oilskins. The
captain prevailed on them to turn
to and go to work. That of course
got the rest sore after all had
given up and been released except
two of us New Bedford boys and one
seaman from Brockton. The captain
said its no use for three of you to hold
out so he let us out to but without
any promise at all. We then went
south down the coast whaling again
We sure found a rough country down
there. For days the little

21 miles either cut them in immediately, & the
20 Well we were in port refitting and shipping oil home
by the schooner Lottie Beard and taking aboard
supplies that she brought out for the fleet for
about 30 days. We then sailed for the west coast
of Africa to arrive there about 1st August

19 must have been there once though in many
no evidence of it.

15 bark would climb to the top of one and
slide down the other side as buoyant
as cork with nothing only an occasional
spray coming over the rail, some different
from the iron ships of today. We found
plenty of whaler on the Patagonia grounds
we even took one good sized right whale
By the time the season was up we had
730 bbls of oil and the bone from one
right whale. I did plenty of hard
work but missed all the fun as I
did not yet belong to a boat. We headed
for the island of St. Helena at last
to take supplies and ship home oil
and last but not least to give shore
liberty for the first time in 6 months
One morning in March 91 I awoke to the
cry of (Land Ho.) Coming on deck
I could just make out the top of a
mountain Liana's Peak as I after
ward found out. As we got near the
Island we could see the green valley &
and hillsides and did they look
good after nothing but sea and

No 3 The orders were then given to the
No 9 and asked who was going out Captain
15 bark would climb to the top of one and
slide down the other. What a
16 and sky for months together. What a
sailors paradise we struck, practically
nothing that a sailor needs or wants
was lacking. If I live to be a hundred
I shall always have a warm spot in
my heart for St. Helena or its people.
I don't expect to ever see the old Island
again it lays in 15° 55' S Latitude and
Longitude 5° 42' West. Diana's Peak its
highest mountain is 2700 ft. high. Ladder
Hill where there are steps to the top is
600 ft high. It is 2.8 miles around it. It
has one of the nicest climates in the
world. Well everything was better and
excitement the water boat was alongside
and there were bumboats galore with fruits
milk eggs and other things. We were set
to work right away getting up tackles
to heave out our oil and ship it home
by the three masted schooner Lottie
of New Bedford Capt Marguand
She came out twice a year to bring
supplies and take home oil from the
South Atlantic whaling fleet. There
were a number of whalers in Anversel
the Morning star same owners as ourselves

20 Well we were in port refitting and shipping oil home by the schooner Lottie Beard and taking aboard supplies that she brought out for the fleet for about 30 days. We then sailed for the west coast of Africa to cruise there until August 19 must have been there once though in my time there was no evidence of it.

The gate though was very real and almost

17 The bark Bertha, Gayhead, Greyhound and several others. That night the starboard watch went ashore and belonging to the port watch I had to stay aboard. But the next night I got ashore. The pier as there is no harbor only an open roadstead no ship can tie up to as there is always plenty of sea so we had to go ashore in a whale boat and jump from the boat to the pier while the boat crew held the boat up to it with the oars sterning when the sea sent her to close and pulling ahead as she was swept away. That make me think as we came in I saw one superb piece of boat man ship we were making probably eight knots an hour. The first boat was coming off to us a whale boat with several men in it. I stood by the starboard rail watching it. Suddenly the mate sung out to me to take their line and make it fast. I could hardly believe I had heard aright on the

No 3 The orders were then given to the
17 The bark Bertha, Gayhead, Greyhound
That night, the starboard

18 boat was headed one way and we
the other. However I obeyed the order
and then looked expecting to see
them capsize, nothing of the kind
happened they simply took a turn
around the loggerhead with their
line and trimmed the boat against
the way she listed and snubbed
and slacked the line gradually
until the boat was headed the
same as us and then hauled
line alongside. Oh yes I can do
the same thing myself today but
I had never seen real boatmen
before. At that time I think that
St. Helena fishermen were unsurpassed
as boatmen and I have sure been
around some in my life. Well
we went ashore and from the pier
there was a roadway around to
the gate. Jamestown is a walled
town with a drawbridge and a
moat or ditch along the front
of the town at least the bridge

20 I was either cut them in immediately, & the
20 Well we were in port refitting and shipping oil home
by the schooner Lottie Beard and taking aboard
supplies that she brought out for the fleet for
about 30 days. We then sailed for the west coast
of Africa to cruise there until late August
19 must have been there once though in many
my time there was no evidence of it.
The gate though was very real and almost
a sentry there at night and at 9-30
the gate was closed. There several
barrooms and dance halls combined
English style and plenty of pretty
hostesses as we call them now. All
colors from jet black to dead white
and some of the prettiest Mulatto
girls in the world. All dressed
simply but neat and clean as wax
All good dancers. The first of these
places was Burtons then farther
up the street was the Rose & Crown
& the Shamrock. For some reason
the Shamrock was our favorite.
In there I met a girl just my own
age the most beautiful woman
I have ever met in 67 years of
life and we were pals as long
as I was out there. I think she
is still alive at least she was
a few years back in Port Natal
or Cape Town South Africa.

various wharves along side. No rest for us it

20 Well we were in port refitting and shipping oil home
by the schooner Lottie Beard and taking aboard
supplies that she brought out for the fleet for
about 30 days. We then sailed for the west coast
of Africa to cruise there until late in August.
The first of the season we did not see many
whales and took none at all. We had almost
decided to try for hump back whales when we
raised a large school of sperm. We lowered
and as there was hardly any wind pulled
up on them with oars. We struck a large
cow whale and she sounded or went down and
stayed for some little time. We were laying
there waiting for her to come up when suddenly
the sea was alive with whales all around
us. I counted seven between us and the edge
of the school. They commenced crowding together
and as they crowded the two, one on each side
of us jammed our boat and right away we
were riding two whales with the boat practically
out of water on their backs. The mate held
out his hand for silence and believe me
no one even moved. Gradually they surged
about dropping us gently into the water
again. Then the lanceing and bombing
started and by 4 P.M. we had seven good
sized whales alongside. No rest for us it

95 I have only two and they never
I was either cut them in immediately as the
hundreds of sharks would eat them up. For
a day or two we saw no more whales. Then
just at daylight one morning we spotted a
large school of sperm whales. Then it was
down boats and away we went again
our stroke oarsman was sick and in his
place we had a new man a good oarsman
but this was his first lowering on whales
he had always been a fisherman. The mate
decided as the whales were coming to windward
and breaching and playing to cross in front
of the school until he was in front of
what looked to be a 60 ft. full whale and
then take them head and head or in other
words to go down through the school.
As we pulled to get ahead of them the
new man looked around and saw a
whale heading apparently right for the
boat. I never in my life saw such a look
of terror on a man's face. Instantly all
was confusion in the boat he forgot to pull
his oar and of course clashed with the
midship oar throwing him out of stroke
and then he stood up as near as any
one could tell with the idea of jumping

was with out the
overboard. It was a case of settle things quickly
so the mate knocked him down otherwise the
whale would certainly have rammed the boat
with his head. We pulled ahead a couple of strokes
then turned and struck the largest whale as
we went by him he stayed under for a while
but soon came up and thrashed around and
was very soon a dead whale. Altogether it was
a dull season most of the whales gave up
without much of a fight and after taking
between 5 and 6 hundred bbls of sperm oil
we started across to Jamestown St. Helena
to ship home our oil and get new supplies
and give liberty to the men. That was late
in August. We arrived in St. Helena roadstead
sometime in Sept. Our American boys were
now well acquainted with the people of the
Island and were looking forward to a good
time when we landed. We certainly enjoyed
ourselves that season. I found my lady friend
of the season before waiting impatiently for
me to land when we got to the pier. What
a difference from the months at sea. Is
it any wonder that a whaler ashore
after six months with nothing but sea
and sky is practically a wild man. The
last few days ashore? We travelled the Island

35 I have only two and they never meet one
23 over from one end to the other this time. We went over
to Rupert's Valley and I and the bow oarsman from
the same boat Billy H. spotted the two policemen
or (Bobbies if you want English) looking for
run away sailors they knew us well but were
so far off that we knew they couldn't recognize us
that far away. So to get their goat we looked
over at them and started running. They took
the bait and started chasing us. After we were
out of sight of them around a bend we sat
down beside a brook to have a smoke. Were
they two mad Bobbies when they caught
up to us. But, there was nothing they could
do about it so they went off muttering to
themselves. We decided eventually to go for
a swim. I dove off the rocks and Billy and
I swam around for a while then we gave it
up and started to go ashore but we hadn't
figured on the combination of a heavy surf
and rocks. I don't think we ever got such
a beating before we finally made it but
we were black and blue in spots for weeks
after. The water of the coastline is so deep
that one day we got to close in and got
becalmed and if we hadn't lowered all
four boats down and pulled the vessel,
we never would have

24 away she would most certainly scrapped her
yards off against the side of the mountain.
One morning the port watch of 11 men came down
to the pier to go aboard in the ships boat all
pretty well under the influence of liquor. All
the ships boats except from vessels owned by
J. & W. R. Wing had a capstan bar lashed
upright in the bow for a hand hold in
boarding the boat at the pier when the
surf was heavy. But we always claimed
that a man who couldnt board a boat
with ^{out} a hand hold was no whaler and
which perhaps was true if that man
was strictly sober but, we wasnt the
consequence was that the whole eleven
missed their footing and went overboard
as their turn came to get in the boat.
But otherwise than a soaking no harm
was done so it was all right. At another
time a boats crew were sent in to the pier to
get some supplies the second mate was
with us but he went uptown. Waiting for
him was dull work so we all hooked
on to a load of stuff they were hoisting
out of a barge with a big crane on
the pier and went uptown too. We didnt
dare to stay too long but our credit was

is in the upper part of the page and the other in
25 good and we soon all had a larger
load aboard than the boat did and it was
all liquor. The second mate found us and
chased us and the boat back to the ship.
When we started we found that man o' war
that was lying at anchor there was
at target practice. Right away we stopped
pulling for the ship and started an
argument on which was the safest way
back to the ship. The boatswain settled that
he said (The safest way back to the ship
is right by the targets because that is
the only place that is not getting hit,
look at them there sent one of them
damaged a bit. So we went that way
They stopped firing and sent an officer
aboard. The captain of our ship called the
boats crew aft and questioned the boat
steerer who was in charge of the boat
why he went that way and when
he gave him the same reason he
had given us even our Captain laughed
he said. (Lick you are drunk aint
you?) Lick said, I really believe I am
sir. So they settled it up some way
between them anyway we never heard

26 any more about it. One liberty day I and Billy H. and Charlie S. started up to Napoleon's Tomb we had all had a few drinks of brandy before we left town and we had a pint apiece on our hips. Arriving there we looked over all the buildings Napoleon used to live in and finally decided to have lunch in the little cafe. With the lunch we ordered three bottles of wine before we had finished them I noticed the other fellows were getting drunk. So I said I had better finish what is left of your wine or we won't get back to town. My head was as clear as a bell so I figured I wasn't drunk but I found that different men get drunk different. I wanted to take a look outside at things so I undertook to get up, to my great surprise my legs were balky. I managed by grabbing the door casing to get through the door without the fellows noticing anything and started to cross the road. I made the middle all right but something threw me in reverse and I started going backwards and finally ended up by sitting down hard on an old bronze scraper that stood by the side of the door. I carried that bruise for days. Then I couldn't get up. The boys came out and found me cast like

is in the upper row on one side and the other on
27 an old horse and I couldnt get up. Well
one took one arm and one the other and
they got me up and started down the
road. Since that time I've always been
careful if I was sitting down and drink
ing to get up occasionally as that taught
me that I was one of the few men that booze
has no or practically ^{affect} no on the brain but all
in the legs. We started down the mountain
and after I could make it under my own
power they let me go. By that time I could
walk but I needed a very wide place to
walk in. The other boys started chasing some
wild goats and they didnt find me again
that day as I headed for town. At last
the road wasnt wide enough and I stepped
off the edge and started rolling down the
mountain, luckily just there it was grassy
and I didnt get hurt any. I landed in a
prickly pear bush and very quietly went
to sleep. I woke up minus my hat and with
prickly pear spines sticking into me
and the sun roasting me. I made my
way into town and got some gin to
cure my head and a new sombrero a
white one which I didnt have the next

28 morning. Well like all good times several
days later we pulled out for the Patagonia
coast with orders from the owners to go right
whaling as bone was worth five dollars
a pound. An order that cost owners and crew
plenty. On the way across as we sighted
the Portuguese Trinidad and the Captain
decided to lower a couple of boats and
go bottom fishing. We got close in to the
island in I should think 5 fathom of
water which was so clear you could see
the fish bite the hooks. We had only
white rags for bait, but the fish bit as fast
as we could pull them in ^{of} some of them we
jigged. In no time at all we had all we
could use for days. When we went aboard
the Captain asked Mr. G. the mate why
he got so many. The mate said he was
going to clean and salt them. The Captain
said it would be no use to as salt in
that climate would not penetrate. The
mate said he never saw anything
he couldn't salt so it would stay
salted so we cleaned and salted all
the fish and in a few days threw them
all overboard the old man was right.
Well we proceeded to the Patagonia

29 whaling grounds. No right whales, we went
way offshore to the South and east of the
coast and finally one day we raised a
number of right whales. We lowered and gave
chase. When we were nearly in darting distance
to the largest whale I ever saw he went down.
Then ^{mate} two strokes of the oars would have
been alongside but it was an off and
on or sidewise chance and he would
not take it as almost always the whale
will see you and scare or gally him. Another
thing if you cross a right whales wake you
will never get close enough to catch him. We
cruised a few weeks gradually working to
the southward and eastward and finally
got into a place where it was just gale
after gale. Plenty of right whales in sight
all day but no weather to lower a boat.
After awhile the old man pulled up to the
northward for the Tristen De Achuna grounds.
There we caught a small right whale we
had 3 boats lines on him and as soon
as he was dead he started sinking we
had just got the fluke chain on him
when the last line parted. We cut him
in and tried for 1 whole day to boil some
oil out of his blubber but nothing doing

30 doing he sure was a dry skin not a quart of oil could we get out of him. He had probably been making passage from one whaling ground to the other and had nearly starved on the way. Another big gale hit us and we lay to and rode it out under fore topmast staysail mizzen topmast staysail and goose winged main topail. As the sea let up she rolled heavily back to windward. Really she should have had more sail on her. Suddenly some one looking to the windward cried (look out!) I looked and there was the largest sea I ever saw in 21 years at sea. Whether it was a tidal wave or a freak sea I never will know. It was some distance away as yet and we had a chance to grab something I personally grabbed a backstay. But when the sea struck it tore my hand hold loose in a second and carried me across deck like a piece of cork as I went I hooked an elbow around one of the lee shrouds and as I still was under water waited for the ship to right but she didn't so even with my bum arm which had been nearly ripped from my body I made quick work of climbing

31 higher. I never wish to see the same sight again that I saw when I had got my head above water. The bark lay on her beam ends with her yards touching the water. The deck was on a slant like the steep roof of a house. it was a long time before we got to see the lee rail at all the cabin skylight was smashed in and the Captain and the cabin boy were swimming around in the cabin trying to get to the stairs. The mate came along with an ax just as the old man made the deck. The old man was cool as though everything was fine his first question was Mr. G. what are you going to do with the ax? Mr. G's reply was, (cut the masts away she never will right until they are gone.) The old man said, (Hold on don't cut any thing she may right again). She certainly tried to but with the starboard side full of ^{water} clear above the hatches it was too much. The old man took a look at things and said, Three of you men lash yourselves to a mast, splice and then make a chain of men down to the rail from each mast the last man down take an ax and cut away the lee bulwarks. So that is what we did the last man down sure had a job, half the time

32 he was under water completely. Well by taking turns as end man we finally got three holes chopped in the bulwarks then as she rolled the water commenced to pour out. Gradually she lifted with less and less list to starboard she did not intirely make an even keel but she came up enough so we could get around lucky for us the pumps were hooked up with the donkey engine. She rose sluggishly to the seas all that night but when morning came she was herself again with the exception of the starboard side where we had chopped holes in the bulwarks. Right here I would like to say a word for the old time shipbuilder. I never realized how solidly a whale ship was put together until we tryed to chop those holes no wonder that the old ship Morgan was seaworthy when she was nearly 90 years old. I still think though that if the old bark had been knocked down that way in a calm sea that she never would have righted as the big sea went under her they helped throw her top hamper up once in a while. The following day we sighted Tristan De Acunia and at one time in the

35 I have only two and they were
33 next few days while we were in sight of
the Island I saw the whole of the big mountain
from top to bottom which is unusual as
nearly all of the time it is covered partly
by clouds. We continued cruising and at
last went south in the region of continuous
gales again with the same luck. Plenty
of right whales but no weather to lower a
boat. At last the old man called us in
the waist. he said, Boys I'm sick of
this and I think we all are now I think
I can go to the west coast of Africa
and pick up enough sperm so we will
have some liberty money ashore in the
Island but we will have to be out all
of 7 months and the law don't allow
but 6 without liberty unless the crew
agree. We all agreed to stay the extra
month. So we headed for the coast in
a raging gale with everything outrunning
dead before it and could that old bark
travel 12 knots an hour for days together.
Well we got to the coast and lowered
for a school of sperm whales. We fastened
to a 25 blb cow, and she really was smart
she would run away and then swing

34 across the boats bow and try to kick
us with her flukes as we came up. She at
last pulled off to one side and kicked at us as
we went by. She hit the blade of my oar
and broke it in half the blade went 20 feet
away on the other side of the boat. My hands
were numbed so I couldn't pick up another oar.
The stroke oarsman got the idea that the whale
was going to get him and the first thing
I knew he climbed right over the top of me.
Tipping me of the thwart into the bottom of
the boat. We soon had a dead whale and
the other boats all got smaller ones. We at
last managed to pick up about 180 bbls of
sperm oil and that with what we had made
us 235 lb of bone and the oil we got on the
coast. We then headed for old St. Helena
again to have a run ashore. Just seven
months at sea and sighted land twice but
didn't get a foot on the beach. I paid for
that extra month by the eventual loss of
a fine set of teeth. I had the scurvy very
badly when we made land and my teeth
were all loose in the gums and the gums
never really hardened up afterward as the
years went by I gradually pulled out and
threw away nice white teeth until today
I have an old man's

35 I have only two and they never meet one
is in the upper jaw on one side and the other in
the lower jaw on the other. Several of the crew were
down with the same things. Well we were a little
later getting in than most of the vessels that season
and quite a number of them. If I remember rightly
there was the Morning Star, Sunbeam, Bay Head,
Bertha, Canton, Greyhound in the bark class
and the schooner Clara L. Sparke, and the Agate
for whalers. The British naval vessel named the
Widgeon, British merchant ship Torrence an
Australian packet running from there to London
or Liverpool, a little merchant brig loaded
with sugar from Mauritius bound to Canada.
So there were a number of sailors ashore. We
decided to go to a place called Fishmans to
a dance but it seems we were late one of
the other ships crews had all the ladies
dancing with them and when we tried
to butt in nothing doing they simply threw
us out. Now we had spent plenty of money
there and so we were sore we tried again
but 12 were too many for two and that time
they sure got rough we sure didnt land
comfortable. Oliver my shipmate says. That
is sure a nice reception what are we
going to do about it. My reply was, I dont
roade from the country with little crossed

34 across the boat and to the
36 yet but I'm sure going to do something.
Going down the street I espied a grocery store.
I said (come on in). We went in and I bought
two small bags full of pepper. Oliver asked
what good is that. I said. You dump
your bag partly in each pocket and
come with me if we can't dance no one
else is going to for awhile. We went back
of course we knew we would get fired out
again but we managed to make one
run across the floor and sprinkle the
pepper all the way across. Right away
we got thrown out again but they had not
noticed what we had done. They started dancing
again. In a few minutes we heard them
start sneezing and in a few more they piled
out like angry bees. We were on our way by
that time and we got a couple of pocket full
of rocks. We hid and every time they called
us names we fired rocks. They never found us
and the next night ashore we had a gang
of our own shipmates with us. A few days
after we were cruising the country over
when at a bend in the road came two
policemen on the run, a few minutes
before we thought we heard shots. So we

37 asked them what had happened neither one had their helmet on. So they told us they were after a couple of Texas boys who had run away from an English coolie ship and the Texas sailors had opened fire with pistols and had shot their helmets off and tried to shoot them. I laughed and told them if those boys are from Texas they hit what they shot at and it sure wasn't you fellows. We continued on up into the mountains and finally we saw the two sailors standing in the entrance to a cave. We went over and they were all out of tobacco so we gave them all we had. We told them about what the two Bobbies had said about their trying to shoot them. The tallest one said (oh we missed what we shot at did ^{we} look here and he showed me the two helmets with six shots a piece in them. Then the other one held a sixpence between his thumb and fore finger and the other shot it out. After that we saw the same two do some wonderful trick shooting. Friday was their market day in Jamestown and you would see all the little donkeys coming down the mountain roads from the country with little crossed

38 stak saddles on and baskets of all kinds
of fruit and even an occasional one with
cans of milk hanging by the handles from
the staks. Nearly always a girl would
be driving them dressed as nice as any
woman anywhere but with her shoes slung
around her neck by the laces. When she
got nearly to town she would stop at the
brook and wash her feet and put on her
shoes and stocking. Why? Because the
rock roads wear out shoes in no time at all.
Just what little I was ashore there
I wore out a pair of shoes every trip
in less than a month. (But) To go back
to the subject each girl probably had
from 9 to 12 donkeys they would bring
them down to the market place and
head them all facing the middle
of the square and you bought what
you wanted of their wares. By the way
I was there when the fountain in the
square was dedicated or what ever you
call it anyway the priest was down
there. I was also there when the Zulu
king and prince were prisoners they
had them all dressed up in tweeds

39 but without any shoes. They were had
the largest feet of any man I ever saw
I thought at first they were swelled up
but it wasnt that they were just large
with very high insteps and there were
no shoes that would fit them on the
Island. Our Captain were a light every way
I was standing talking with two girl
friends of mine one afternoon when some
one called my name I looked around
and it was the old man. He said I havnt
seen you aboard the ship since she came
in I said no sir I have a sailor from
the beach in my place (which by the
way he allowed ^{us} to do) He said, Well as
is usually the case with you I imagine
you are broke. I said no not entirely but
very badly bent. Well, he said you will
want some money and I expect your
little friends will want some too. So
he gave me 2 English pounds. I had given
my girl friend some change and she
dropped a sixpence imagine my surprise
when instead of stooping to pick it up
she very handily picked it up with her
tongue. Some of them have the most beautiful
teeth. He came to you to see you.

40 feet you ever saw every toe separate not jammed up together like some of our people. Well we sure enjoyed ourselves that season. I went down to the pier one morning and some one clapped his hand on my shoulder and said. Listen do you know that the ship went out yesterday and is beating back and forth up to the windward of the Island waiting for me? It was the Captain he took me off to the ship in a shore boat. Soon after we got aboard he sent for me. He said (this man here says you owe him 4 shillings a day for 30 days. I said yes sir. His next question was where did you expect to get the money to pay him. My answer was I expected that you would let me have it as I have plenty coming in the ship. He let me have the money but he was sore because he thought 2 shillings a day would be enough. He thought the man I had in my place had taken advantage of me on the price of the wages but I didn't, he didn't know that the man was the brother of the lady I was traveling with. So we sailed again for Patagonia cruising grounds. On the way over we got a hearty laugh. We were sailing along by the wind when a freak sea boarded us and water filled the lee side with water we had an old sow pig and the sea took her down in the lee scuppers, it also caught seaman S— unawares and he slid to the leeward on his back, the water was only about up to his waist but the pig was out of her depth. When S— got his head above water the pig saw it and before he could get to his feet she put both

41 fore feet on his head and put it under water again. The next time he got his head above water again he saw we were all laughing and he tried to bawl us out but the pig ended that when she tried again to climb out on his head and his cursing ended in a gurgle as he went under water again. At last we went down and gave him a hand to get on his feet and chased the pig away (Poor S. - the last I knew of him he shipped out of New Bedford on the little schooner Antartia for a voyage to Hudson bay whaling. I believe she was never really heard from but several years afterward. Two bodies were found under the lee of a whale boat they had propped up on its side to try to keep the north wind off of them. There was no way of identifying them but it was one of the Antartia's boats and showed evidence of being badly burned. So the conclusion was that the schooner must have caught fire and burned up.) Well we went to the Platte whaling grounds and cruised to the southward. One day we were close in. What a barren looking coast not a green thing in sight nothing but chocolate colored rocks and cliffs. We saw no sign of life ashore of any kind. We were now far to the south and only saw what is called right whale porpoise they are darker on their backs with clear white bellies than the ordinary porpoise. Then one morning

42 the old cry of (Blows, Blows, Blows. There goes flukes) sounded from the masthead men. I'll never forget the rest of that season. We lowered down and got three sperm whales and from then on for a couple of weeks the ocean every day seemed alive with whales school after school almost every day. It was cut in and part of the crew lower in two boats and the rest stay aboard to keep the try works going. Day after day we had whales alongside. Sleep became a succession of naps. I remember one day a blanket piece had got down in the blubber room wrong side up and we hooked on with a tackle to turn it over. Three of us stood on the combings of the main hatch waited for the word to hoist away. When it came two of us were asked holding on to the tackle when the other took a pull at the tackle we fell down the main hatch. Landing on blubber we were not hurt so we just climbed up on deck again and I imagine went to sleep for a couple of minutes doing something else. The day before Xmas in '92 came and I sure will never forget that date. The morning was cool like November here and a light breeze with the sea almost calm along in the middle of the morning watch the mast head men sung out for a single spout which proved to be a large sperm whale. Immediately all four boats were lowered and gave chase. The whale in the meantime had gone down. He was heading up from

43 the leeward to cross the ship's bow. We ran until we thought we were about where he would come up and slacking off our sheets waited for him to break water. Suddenly we heard him blow and he was only a boatlength off on our lee bow. We ran down over his flukes and well up towards his head on his lee side and our boatster gave it to him with both the darting gun and the second iron, he dove and threw water all over us with his flukes. The mate as soon as we were fast gave the order to down sail and mast. What happened is funny now. I had seen boats stove numberless times but that is the first time I was ever really stove bad. I reached up to skin down on the sail and all at once I was going over the top of the sail which we hadn't had time to lower. I saw the gaff as I went over and just cleared it with my head and then realized that my feet were up and my head down and that I was turning back somersaults. I landed on my shoulders 30 feet from the boat. Luckily I could swim like a fish but couldn't, I was being whirled around so fast that it made me dizzy. At last it dawned on me why. I had landed right up against the side of the whale and as he swam ahead he was rolling me around. Believe me I put my foot against the whale for a start and I certainly made white water getting away from that locality. I took a look at the boat and she was

44 full to the gunwale with water and some of the crew were climbing in. I started for the boat which by the way had a big hole in her bottom aft and beside was opened up length ways through her centre board box like a book. I had about two more strokes to make to get to her when the whale hit her again. I was in a good position ^{to see} and she went clear of the water with the exception of about two feet of her bow. I concluded I had no more use for the vicinity of that boat and started for the ship which was probably 3 miles to the windward but had seen our plight and was running down to us. I took ^{it} easy and took account of stock I had lost my hat probably my hair pushed that off I was so scared it must have stood up and also either swallowed or lost a big chew of tobacco otherwise I seemed to be in perfect condition. On looking around at the boat I saw the whale coming my way and he went to the windward by me like a train of cars. Changing my mind I started back for what was left of the boat. The crew were lashing the mast and oars across to keep her from rolling over in the swell. As I climbed in I noticed something white coming up close to the surface of the water on the other side of the ^{boat} in a moment it broke water and proved to be the mater bald head. He was not so fortunate as I had been and had landed on his back on the top of

45 the whale. He was pretty badly hurt though he recovered in a few days. By this time the water started to be very cold. But we knew the ship would soon be alongside, so did not worry much. We commenced to look around to see what had become of the whale. He was heading directly for the third mates boat as he went by Mr P's boatsteerer gave him the darting gun and the second iron. The boat never got by the whale he struck it once with his flukes and anyone looking at what was left of that boat wondered what miracle saved the crew from all being killed. But they all escaped with a few bruises. Even at that they got a laugh out of it. The water was cold and the crew were cursing when Mr P. said never mind the swearing I can't swim. The crew looked out for him alright and got him the steering oar for a life preserver to float around with. After what seemed to us a long time the old bark came alongside and picked both boat crews up the old man had already had the steward break out a couple of jugs of good whiskey and did that taste good. In the meantime the other two boats had both fastened to the whale and one of the darting gun bombs must have hit some of his vital organs as by that time he was very sick whale. They bombed him several times with their shoulder guns and he finally turned fin up a very dead whale. He tried out about a hundred and ten bbls of oil. As it was late in the P. M. we did not start cutting in until the next

46 morning. Everyone was eating breakfast except two of the green hands we had shipped that season who were down in the waist. The ship was rolling as we only had had a coupl of Topsails and two staysails on her through the night. Looking aft I saw one of the big cutting tackle blocks had got loose from its lashing at the fiferail and was swinging back and forth across decks. I ran aft and grabbed the tail chain intending to make it fast again as the ship rolled to the leeward I allowed it to carry me down to the waterway and then got a brace and waited for her to roll back to the windward and catch a lashing on it to the fiferail. I never made at that moment the other big block got loose and swinging over bunted me in the back. The gangway board being out overboard I went between the ship and the dead whale. My first handicap was that I landed from a twelve foot drop on my stomach on the whale and of course knocked every bit of wind out of me. Worse yet when I went overboard I had on the whole Cape Horn rig, a heavy monkey jacket a heavy sweater two heavy shirts pants underdrawers and a big pair of leather sea boots. My first thought of being in any great danger was when my leg caught when the ship and the whale rolled together and if my boot hadn't have been slightly too large I would have had a broken leg. As it was the boot pulled off freeing my

47 leg. As they rolled apart again I pulled off my coat and kicked off the other boot. When they rolled together again I was very fortunate in grabbing the chains. Though they were so greasy I could only hang on for a minute I managed not to get squeezed that time. The mate threw me a rope end and I grabbed it and they pulled me up until my fingers jammed the side of the ship so hard that they slid right off of the rope luckily as I struck the water the ship and the whale rolled apart. I then thought of trying to dive under either the whale or the ship but was afraid I couldn't make it. At last a big sea came around the bow and whirled me around and struck my head against a ringbolt in the side of the ship. That is the last I remember clearly until I realized I was being rolled over a barrel and it seemed to me I must have swallowed a good part of the south Atlantic. Getting on my feet I found I was still alive and tried to drink a pot of coffee but it came back. We cut in that whale that day. Altogether that was a Xmas day I'll always remember. Several days later we sighted a school of sperm whales in the late afternoon they were traveling up across our stern. Down went all four boats with nice sailing breeze. We went down through the school and struck a forty barrel bull whale. The mate would not look out for his boatster's signal but kept trying to see the whale himself which he was not able to

48 do as the boat sail shut off his crew. The result was just as the boatster darted we struck the whale with the bow of the boat which threw the boatster of balance and he missed with his first iron and didn't get the second one in solidly and in a few minutes we were loose again. Our whale went to the windward and Mr. B. the second mate struck him. Looking to the leeward we sighted another school and we up sail and started for them. As we crossed the vessel's stern the captain signaled (Out oars and pull to windward. The mate said never mind that, don't see it. Maybe he doesn't see this school we are after.) About that time the old man signaled (stove boat.) We turned around and started pulling to the windward. By that time the sun had long since gone down and it was getting along toward dark. As we came up to what was left of the second mate's boat we didn't see but five men she was gunnel deep in the water and badly smashed. The second mate said. I've got one man here dying with his head smashed but he can't live but a few minutes longer and outside of that we are all right the ship will pick us up but I am still fast to the whale and you can take my line. It seems that the whale struck down at the boat with his flukes and everyone except a Kanaka saw what his intentions were time enough to jump overboard but his foot must have slipped and his head struck the thwart

49 just as the whales came down a glancing blow on the back of it. It stove in his skull and he died a short time later. Well we took his line just at dark and as soon as we tautened the line the whale who had been laying in one place sulking, started throwing his flukes around all we could see of him by this time was just a streak of phosphore as he rushed around. We pulled up and bombed him once and he made directly for us we swung the boat around and just cleared him. We then lay off awhile to see what effect that bomb would have and then hauled line up to him and bombed him again. We did this several times the last time it was probably twelve oclock. Then the mate said. I dont like this the boats are out of sight and the ship is out of sight and we are up here alone in the dark I've a good mind to cut line and let him go. This raised a protest in the boat right away, no one wanted to lose the whale. At last not hearing any noise from the whale for some time we pulled up alongside he was apparently a dead whale. The mate took the cutting spade and started to cut a hole in his flukes to tow him down to the ship. He made one cut and the next thing I knew the mate came flying clear back in the stern sheets of the boat where the spade went to no knows the whale was far from dead though he was a very sick whale so we

30 bombed him again. After a long wait we pulled up to him again. And that time we took a boat hook and ran it across his body till we hit his fin. It was up all right so we knew he was dead. Soon after that we saw the old bark coming up hunting for us with boston lights burning at the mast head. Everything we had was soaked with water so we couldn't make any light to help them find us. About daylight they spotted us and came up and took our whale and believe me a darn tired boats crew at last got aboard the ship. That was my only experience in night whaling and I'm not at all fussy about trying it again. Later in the day we buried T. the man that got killed. We sewed him up in canvas and put ballast rocks at his feet. The old man read the service as we had him laying on the gangway board then two of us tilted up the inboard end and he shot overboard. I had heard lots of old sailors say that a dead body always faces the ship before it sinks out of sight and being curious I looked over, sure enough the body was no more submerged than it whirled and faced the ship as it sank. Now you might say that the headway of the ship turned him, but the ship was hauled aback with very little head way on her and, granting she had some why didn't the body continue to revolve if that was the cause? There are many things a sailor sees cruising the world over that can't be explained. A few days after we fell in with and gamed all day the bark Mermaid of New

81 Bedford. She was bound around the horn to the Arctic Ocean. Aboard of her I met some old shipmates who had run away from us the third season out from home. There always been an argument on which vessel was the fastest the Mermaid or us so when we first sighted her they tried to run away from us. Our old man said the Mermaid is the fastest ship (but,) I notice she is trimmed badly down by the head we can catch this morning, and we did. The season was up and the old man came on deck one morning and put all sail on the old bark and headed her for St. Helena. We had an uneventful run across to the Island. Arriving there we had the usual good time. There were I guess a dozen vessels the whole South Atlantic whaling fleet anchored there this season beside the old schooner Lotie Beard there was another schooner out there to take home oil from the I think her last name was — Green but am not sure. I had a heart breaking parting from my girl but left there engaged to be married to her. I told her when I left that I shouldn't be out next voyage but would get a job ashore where there was more money. And that I would either come out later in another ship or else send for her to come home to the United States. She apparently didn't believe me as she only waited till the ship went out the next voyage. I had several letters from her and about a year afterward she married and went to South Africa. Well at last we were bound cruising on the way

52 home. We stopped a few days off Acension Island but the whales were small and being galled all the time by merchant ships running through them were very hard to get near. Finally we headed up for the Kattuar whaling ground there we took a few small whales. I was surprised at the way the crew of a small schooner whaler went on to a whale. We looked for a school of sperm and they had their boat down too. They darted their iron from a longer distance than I ever saw them darted and until they killed their whale they stayed a long distance from him. I was used to seeing our boatmen many ^{time} as hold the second iron and when the boat was nearly or some times quite in contact with the whale shove it in. Of course the darting gun had to be thrown on account of the recoil.

At last we were homeward bound for keeps no whaling just carrying all sail for home that is until the north east gale we slammed into which blew us way down on the coast while we were riding it out. After it was over we made sail again we soon rounded Long Island but we were way to the westward of where we should have been. Soon afterward up ahead we sighted the bark Kathleen same owner as us. She had sailed from New Bedford one week before us. At last we were up to Block Island with old Buzzards Bay in sight and it sure looked good to us. We anchored just to South West of

53 Butter Flat and there ended a voyage of 34 months of real going to sea. Soon after we anchored my brother showed in a cat boat, but he wasn't supposed to come aboard as our quarantine was lifted by the doctor yet. He very readily got over that drawback by shinning up the catboat mast and getting into the starboard boat when no one happened to be looking. Just for that he didn't get ashore again until we docked. The doctor vaccinated every one that couldn't show a scar. Then we hove up the old mudhook and made our way up the river. As soon as our bowsprit hung over the dock everyone started shopping off it. I never did find out how the old Bark got tied up. I went up the dock and met my mother but went by her as she didn't know me. When I went away I weighed 135 lbs and was smooth faced. When I landed I was up to 185 lbs with a heavy mustache. My brother's wife recognized me though and called me by name. So I after I had made a call on the owners I took my first ride in an electric car. I went down town in the afternoon and went down to the docks right away one of the owners John Wing came over to me and said get in the wagon I want you to come up to the office. Arriving at the office he said I want you to put your name down there on the book as second mate of the bark Canton for an Arctic voyage up to Hudson Bay and here is a hundred dollar bonus for an advance. I didn't want any part of the Arctic so I told

54 him no. He said this is a new crew I'm getting
together if you go south the best I can give
you is a boatman's place. Well the upshot of
it was that I didn't go whaling any more. Before
I close there is one item I forgot, the first season
when we made St Helena Island we found
that the owners had sent out another Captain
and recalled the man who had made all
the trouble in Montevideo. He was one very
good man, and one of the best doctors I ever
saw. No man aboard ever had much trouble getting
cured of anything except Beri Beri or scurvy.
I never saw him anything but cool in any
emergency. So will end up my yarn with
regards to my readers.

An Old New Bedford boy.

This was written by

Charles H. Place